









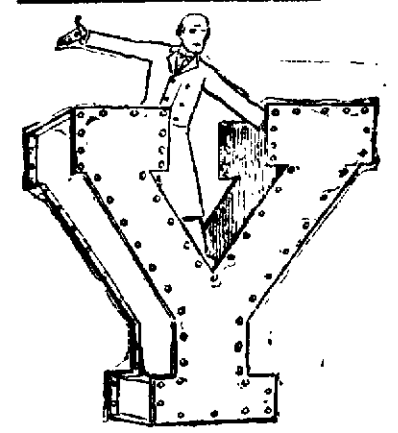
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## SUBURBAN NEWS.

Happenings of Interest in Our Neighbor Towns.

### AT ADAMS TODAY.

Coming Republican Rally—Among the Quilt Players—L. A. Weston to Put in Additional Water Sprinklers at the L. L. Brown Paper Mill—In the Catholic Churches—A New England Dinner—Church, Personal and Social Notes of Interest.

#### Among the Quilt Players.

The final heats of the Renfrew quilt handicap were pitched Friday afternoon and the prizes were won as follows: First, John Kisch, \$12; second, David Carduff \$7; third, David Chalmers, \$5; fourth, William Hiser, \$2. Another handicap is to be held in the near future and it is expected that it will bring out the best players in this section, as the others have done. This one will be held on the tannery grounds on Dean street, Saturday, October 3, beginning at 2 o'clock sharp. The aggregate amount of money to be given in four prizes, is \$25. Every player beating two opponents and not getting into the final will be given fifty cents. The entrance fee is twenty-five cents and all entries should be made to George Grant.

#### Coming Republican Rally.

The executive committee of the McKinley and Hobart club has decided to hold a large rally at the opera house on the evening of October 14. The principal speakers will be senator Henry Cabot Lodge and Mr. Thomas who was private secretary for the late Governor Greenhalge. Another speaker will be a very enthusiastic gathering. Flags are to be raised at a nearer date, one from Collins block to the L. L. Brown paper mill on Center street, and another across Park street in front of the Army building. All the committees of the club will meet at the headquarters in Bank block Tuesday evening to make arrangements.

#### In the Catholic Churches.

Regular services will be resumed at St. Charles' church Sunday. The 10.30 mass will be a high mass and Sunday school and vespers will be held at the regular hours.

The first choir will meet at the church for rehearsal Wednesday evening, and on Thursday evening the promoters of the league of the Sacred Heart will hold their regular meeting.

At Notre Dame church the forty-hour devotion was ended Sunday evening. Many of the people of the parish took advantage of this service to attend to their spiritual needs.

#### To Supply More Sprinklers

The new engine in the L. L. Brown paper mill is running in proper shape and the old one is being moved to the Commercial street mill.

L. A. Weston has contracted with the company to put in 400 additional automatic sprinkler heads and he will begin the work at once.

#### A New England Dinner.

The women of St. Mark's Episcopal church will serve their annual New England dinner at the parish house Tuesday noon and supper will be served in the evening. The bill of fare will include all those palatable viands to be found in the Yankee home and they will be served in a way which should attract a large attendance.

William C. Plunkett Sons of Veterans camp will meet at Grand Army hall this evening.

Rev. Dr. Zahner's morning sermon at St. Mark's church Sunday was on "The Family and Household of God." In the evening he had for his subject, "The Scriptural Ground of Confirmation."

Joseph Roscoe of Arlington, N. J., is in town.

Dr. B. C. Blodgett was at the organ in the Congregational church Sunday and with the assistance of Prof. Louis Cosen, violinist, of Springfield, rendered a splendid program. The twilight recital, postponed several months ago, will be held this evening.

Miss Anna Hoyer led Sunday evening's meeting of the Baptist Young People's union on the subject "Church attendance."

The topic of Sunday evening's Epworth league meeting at Trinity Methodist church was "The Enemies of Christ. Because of Bigotry." Miss Clara Lewis was leader.

Rev. H. B. Foskett's sermons at the Baptist church Sunday were on the subjects: "Life Out of Death," and "Some Bad Bargains."

Rev. O. I. Darling, pastor of St. Paul's Universalist church preached Sunday evening on "The Power of Money."

Mr. and Mrs. James C. Chalmers will represent St. Paul's church at the Universalist state convention in Haverhill this week.

A. L. Phillips left today to begin his work as travelling salesman of woolen machinery for the Knowles company of Worcester.

The continued case against D. E. Cook for refusing to enter the sewer came up Saturday morning and was continued another week.

A public watering trough is to be placed near the Berkshire mills.

The Renfrew-Stanley ballgame to have been played Saturday afternoon, was postponed on account of rain. The two sides will play in Pittsfield Wednesday afternoon.

The L. L. Brown paper company's cases against L. L. Brown and T. A. Mole will be held before the auditor, John A. Atken Thursday.

L. A. Weston is to put in a Furman boiler to heat Bank block.

T. H. Osborne of Chicago, the drummer evangelist, began his revival meetings at Trinity Methodist church Sunday and will continue them till September 30. Twenty meetings will be held.

The Young Men's Literary club's meeting Wednesday evening will be simply a preparatory one and no regular program will be carried out. James P. Magenis the historian, will tell of last season's work.

This week's entertainment in the Congregational house course, which comes Friday evening, will be the farce, "Second Floor Spoonydances," given by members of the church.

### CHESHIRE.

George Gates and P. Lockwood of Berlin, N. Y., are at Ed Lockwood's.

Miss M. E. Cole is at Adams for a short stop.

There are a few Democrats here who are voting with the Republicans this year, and on the other hand, there are those here who are very few who seem to imply they are partially for silver.

John Calahan of New York, is stopping with Thomas Calahan.

Miss Angie Leonard will begin her second year at Smith College Wednesday.

Rev. E. N. Harding will locate at Bayong, N. J. He leaves town Wednesday.

Miss Wilds and Miss Goding of New York are stopping at West Brook cottage.

The Ladies' Aid society of the Methodist church will give a "Hash" supper at the home of Mrs. B. F. Reynolds Tuesday evening.

### WILLIAMSTOWN.

#### That Church Mortgage.

The trouble about the title to the church property sold by St. Patrick's church in Williamstown to Williams college has been amicably adjusted. In 1887 a mortgage on the church was taken to secure a note for \$700 by the late Patrick Lally of Williamstown, and not by W. H. Lally of North Adams, as was published. The latter, who was administrator of his father's estate, says he never knew of the existence of such a mortgage until his attention was called to it recently and he found it on record at Adams. The mortgage had never been discharged and there was no evidence to show that the note had ever been paid except an entry in an account book, which of course would have no weight against such an evidence of indebtedness as a recorded mortgage. However, neither the note nor the mortgage was found by Mr. Lally when he settled his father's estate, and he promptly discharged the mortgage, as he was perfectly willing to do, and as the other heirs desired to have him.

This action shows how groundless were the suspicions of a few prejudiced people that Mr. Lally was trying to collect the note a second time. He never thought of such a thing, but by discharging the mortgage on the evidence adduced he freely relinquished what would seem to be a perfectly valid claim.

#### The Children's Carnival.

Next Saturday afternoon Miss Helen Hart will conduct a "Children's Carnival" to consist of dances by the little folks of the town. Among the parts are a Mother Goose quadrille, fairy dance, skirt dance, grandmother's minuet, shadow dance, humming bird dance and other pretty exercises for the little people. The program is novel and entertaining, and the friends of Miss Hart and the little folks as well as lovers in general of the terpsichorean art will undoubtedly make the occasion a success by their presence.

Cook Wanted—Apply in person at Duncan House.

### BLACKINTON.

Ralph Rickards of Passaic, R. I., is visiting friends and relatives in town.

Rev. Mr. Penney of North Adams preached at the Blackinton church Sunday.

Arthur N. Smith spent Sunday at West Royalton. He went there in company with his mother who expects to spend several weeks with her son Frank B. Smith and family.

Rev. John Evans of Newfield, N. J., who is visiting here will preach at Blackinton church next Sunday. All are invited to attend and hear him.

The "Western Gateway Cadets" will give an exhibition drill at the social to be given by the F. M. T. A. society Wednesday evening, September 23.

At the county convention of temperance societies held at Pittsfield Sunday, it was voted to hold the next county convention at Blackinton the last Friday in October. William Fallon, William J. Stacks and W. J. Fleming represented the local society at Pittsfield.

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### THE AGE OF PERFECTION.

O worshippers of womanhood, No more old shibboleths repeat! (Youthful hyphens and cradles!) Their fulsome praise is now overt, But with a measured rapture greet Not the passing years of youth, To prove all women young and sweet— The perfect age is thirty-five.

Time was you praised the maiden's mood, The timid eyes, the lingering feet, In modest bashfulness that stood Where civility and river meet. Now childish grace is obsolete, Our modern appetite would thrive On riper grain, matured wheat— The perfect age is thirty-five.

Tall heroes wandering in the wood, And gentle heroines and their mates, Young Rosalind in costume rude, Girl Juliet in your winding sheet— You all, alas, are incomplete. Then pray that time may cease to strive Your changeful youthfulness to cheat— The perfect age is thirty-five.

Then woman sober and discreet (So men may choose you when they wive), The moment cease for time is fleet— The perfect age is thirty-five.

—St. James Gazette.

### A FAIRY OMNIBUS.

I think everybody gets a touch of romance some time in his life. The green glade of olden days is probably replaced by a busy street, your arm old knight by a city man in a frock coat and silk hat, your daisied damsel is a practical, level headed, energetic little typewriter, perhaps. The actors are changed, the scene is changed, but, believe me, the element of romance is just the same as it was in the days of chivalry.

Now, I dare say you would scarcely believe that a bald headed, middle aged, stout old solicitor like me, getting every day more engrossed in business, and more and more apt to be a trifle crusty in my temper, owing to a tiresome liver—was ever sufficiently "interesting" to play the part of a modern knight errant.

Let me tell you all about it, and how it ended. It's commonplace enough, I know, and I dare say most of you have gone through something similar, but if it does nothing else it may perhaps serve to stir up pleasant memories.

I had nearly completed my articles, and was reading hard for my "final," when one morning the firm told me to go to a client who was ill and take instructions for her will.

She was an old maiden lady living in Paddington, and our people had transacted all her business for her for something like 40 years.

It was a wet day—one of those days that we get from time to time in London, when you feel as if you would like to go to bed and not get up again until things have changed.

Elborn was a little river, and the traffic stopped and splashed along in a way that made you feel damp even to watch.

I stood on the curbstone waiting for a chance to cross without being smothered with mud, when I noticed a girl standing near me. She, too, was trying to cross.

It was very funny to see her. She was evidently from the country, and didn't at all understand the London traffic. Three times she started, and three times she turned back in despair.

I watched her with interest. There was an amusing expression of good tempered misery on her face. She was pretty—very pretty—and daintily dressed, and—well, I seized my opportunity like an artful clerk who is worth his salt is bound to do.

"Excuse me," I said, raising my hat, "but I think you want to cross the road."

She looked rather startled. "I think I shall get on all right," she answered, "if you would kindly say when to start."

"Suppose we try together? Give me your arm."

She did not give me her arm. I took it, and we started on our pilgrimage. In and out the cabs and omnibuses I guided her safely until we got to about the middle of the road, which, as you know, is very wide opposite Farnham's inn. Suddenly she limped and gave a funny little hop.

"I'm very sorry," she said, laughing, "but—I'm afraid my shoe has come off. It stuck in the mud."

I looked around. Sure enough, a few yards behind us was a shoe lying in the mud, looking very lonely and getting horribly wet.

"Can you stand here for a moment," I said, "while I fetch it?"

I left her there, standing on one foot, with the tip of a little stocking on just touching the ground to steady her.

A cab driver who happened to pass found the situation amusing and said so candidly, but I'm proud to say that I managed to keep a grave face. The shoe was such a small one that I marvelled how a human being could ever get it on, much less get it off again.

Now a saint from heaven can't put a lady's shoe on for her without scolding her. I didn't try to. I thoroughly enjoyed that little ankle and lingered over the task with becoming solemnity in spite of the weather.

At last we were ready to start again. "It was very kind of you not to laugh at me," she said, with a little blush. "I must have looked very silly, standing there on one foot."

"You looked very charming," I said, with a young man's bluntness.

I landed her safely on the path, and she thanked me.

I asked her if I could be of any further service. She thought not. She only wanted to get into a Paddington bus, and then she would be quite safe.

Now I wanted a Paddington bus, but I didn't say so. As soon as one came up I stopped it, put her inside and went on top myself.

Perhaps you will think me quixotic for going outside in such miserable weather. Well, I believe you would have done the same thing after all. You see, I was afraid she might think I was pestering her if I followed her inside. It looked rather like taking advantage of a trifling service, and I was at that age when a man would rather have a romantic fever than sacrifice the good opinion of a pretty girl. Things are different now—I'm a married man.

But, bless your heart, you can't escape destiny by getting outside an omnibus. I hadn't been up there three minutes, the rain had only just commenced to soak through the knees of my trousers and trickle down my legs, when the conductor came up with a significant grin on his face.

"If you please, sir," he said, "there's a young lady inside wants to speak to you."

I climbed down the ladder with which

buses in those days were furnished. There she sat in the corner, half smiling, half blushing. There was nobody else inside.

"Won't you get wet if you go outside?" she said.

"I was afraid you might think I was a nuisance," I answered.

"I guessed as much," she said frankly. "But it would be a very poor return for your kindness if I drove you into commotion."

I think that upon the whole that was the most delightful bus drive in my experience. The conversation flowed in a torrent, and I believe we exchanged as many confidences and opinions in half an hour as some people do in a lifetime. It was wonderful. It was like touching by accident the hidden spring of some secret door which opened into a new atmosphere, a new fairyland. We were more like old friends than chance acquaintances, and it seemed as if neither could tell the other too much. Points of agreement and disagreement were noted eagerly. We had read the same books, visited the same places, and wherever we turned there was new ground of sympathy.

She had only been in London a week and had not visited any place of amusement. I wondered if I could find a chance here of pushing my advantage and approached the subject with delicacy and caution.

But this point it seemed that the mutual confidence stopped, for she declined to understand my tactics and remarked that her time was too fully occupied to go about much.

Only too soon we reached the place where I had decided to alight. We shook hands warmly and thanked each other rather vaguely and nervously, and then I found myself once more on a nasty, wet London pavement.

I had had a glimpse of fairyland, but it was only a glimpse. I was back again in the practical, uncomfortable world, with a living to be earned and a will to make.

The gates of fairyland were closed, for, like a donkey, I had omitted to find out the fairy's name and where she lived.

It seemed impossible to bring one's mind back to the legal subtleties of willmaking, but it had to be done, and I trudged heavily on my way to our client's house, finding to my infinite disgust that I had got out of the omnibus much sooner than I need have done.

Imagine my surprise when, on reaching the house and being shown into the dining room, I found there the heroine of the lost shoe.

That settled it. I felt that heaven had decided I was to marry that young lady, and I formed the pious intention then and there of giving heaven every possible assistance and made such a delightful hash of her aunt's will that it required some six or seven visits to put matters straight.

Curiously enough, though, from the moment we met in the house her friendliness ceased. Every time I came she was more cold and distant, and I was almost in despair. The conversation which had flowed so merrily in an uncomfortable omnibus seemed impossible over the dining room fire, and she refused to go beyond the most commonplace civilities.

She calmly ignored that drive, which I had found so delightful, and treated me with ordinary politeness due to the representative of her aunt's solicitors.

The position grew desperate, because I couldn't continue to make blunders over the old lady's will forever. Already the firm had reprimanded me for stupidity, though, to be sure, the old lady herself bore with me with wonderful patience and good temper.

The crisis came. It was my last visit about the will, which was now ready—absolutely correct—and the dear old creature had approved of every word of it.

It only required to be executed. She said she would like her niece and me to be the witnesses, and as she was much better and able to get up we assembled solemnly in the library. But she was a funny old character and scouted the idea of solemnity, ringing the bell for the servant to bring up some champagne, so that we might drink "success to her will."

"I'm thankful to say that, though I was by this time helplessly in love with the niece, I had sufficient presence of mind to say, 'Success to the will, and may it never have to be proved!'" which pleased her immensely, and before I left I was invited to dinner the following Sunday.

From that moment things went pretty smoothly, though it was only last evening that in talking over our courtship days in the far away past my wife explained the meaning of her extraordinary coolness to me.

It seems that when, after the drive in what she is pleased to call the "fairy omnibus," I walked into her aunt's dining room, she quite recognized that I must be her destiny, and so, with feminine perversity, she felt called upon to struggle against fate as much as possible.

"But you ought to be very thankful to me for one thing," she added. "It was I who—let me never mind."

"Nonsense!" I said. "Go on. We are too old fashioned to be romantic any longer."

"Well," she said, "it was I who suggested you should be invited to dinner." Which just shows what contradictory creatures women are.—Household Words.

The Salad Bowl.

A pleasing variation from the china salad dish are salad bowls of out glass. Some of these are finished with rims of silver and are accompanied by a silver fork and spoon especially designed for serving salad. In New York are shown cut glass bowls with silver mounts and silver salad forks and spoons with cut glass handles, these latter being decided novelties.

Salad Bowl and Servers.

We are promised another artistic allegory from the Tautois imperial brain, edited, as before, by Professor Knuckfuss of Cassel, and the admirers of the restless knicker may be glad to know that "copies will shortly be offered for sale." Little more is known at present, but the amount of explanation. The subject, "The Defense of Art and Industry by the Army," is to be illustrated by the usual pantomime properties; a "lowering cloud" which is seen to be approaching, is laden with "muzzled and snarling forms," a "faint outline," and "a Teutonic warrior to martial panoply, with drawn sword, stands ready to meet" these not very tangible foes who are about to molest Art and Industry, standing under "a Gothic doorway," possibly for not working fast and cheaply enough for foreign markets. The story appears to be merely as intelligible and interesting as the libretto of Mozart's "Magic Flute." Let us hope its popularity may be as durable.—London World.

Some of the free coinage men still say that all they want is to "restore the conditions that existed prior to 1873."

In 1873 the total world's production of silver was 61,100,000 ounces and the silver in a dollar was worth \$1.04 in gold. Last year the world's production of silver was 165,000,000 ounces and the silver in a dollar was worth only 50.7-10 cents. Will the silver miners restore the production of 1873 as the first step toward "restoring the conditions?"

An Eminent Biometallist's Opinion.

Professor Edmund Sues, the leading biometallist of Austria, states briefly but with great force the objections to free coinage by his country alone. The result would be, he says, "the loss of all your (our) gold, and the obligation to buy in England the gold necessary to meet your (our) obligations in foreign countries." He declares that "one nation alone is too weak to take such a step, which must lead to a financial and perhaps an economical crisis."

If the fact that some farmers are poor is used to justify the confiscation of the property of creditors, would not the poverty of the Coney armies of tramps and unemployed workers justify them in demanding a share of the property owned by the farmers?

Emperor William's New Allegory.

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